Home Magazine

LESSON No. 8.

HOW TO BECOME A SALESLADY.

By Mrs. HELEN M. M'VEIGH.

Posed by Mrs. McVeigh, Miss Daisy Haggerty and Miss Krenzin, of the Siegel-Cooper Company's Store. Photographs by the Siegel-Cooper Company.

TO-MORROW "How to Become a Baseball Player." Lesson by Capt. JOHN M'GRAW and all the New York Giants.

1—She begins as a cash girl, fetching and carrying bundles and delivering vouchers. She wears a black overall apron and wears a [illegible] ber.

2—If she carries the bundles carelessly by the string and loiters when on duty she won't do for the business at all.

3—A smart cash girl soon learns how to wrap a parcel neatly, so that she may be promoted and become known as a good inspector of bundles.

4—The duties of an inspector of bundles include an examination of all goods to be parcelled, to see that they tally with the sale voucher, and to stamp the bundles when they are wrapped up again.

5—If a mistake is made, which little girls cannot help unless they are very smart, the inspector-girl is gently reminded of the same, which we hope never happened in this case.

6—The next promotion from the bundle counter is that of stock girl, where she carries goods back and forth, becoming acquainted with their quality, price and texture in one department.

7—If a stock girl is careless and allows valuable goods to drag on the floor, for instance, and become soiled, she will never be a saleslady.

8—She makes her first sale on some special bargain occasion, when a special line of goods is offered at attractively low prices. In this case it is in the skirt department.

9—After she has grown up and been a saleslady in the skirt department a long while she may become head of the stock, which means complete knowledge of the goods in her department.

10—As head of the stock she makes reports to the assistant buyer of just what stock is wanted in her department.

11—When the cash girl becomes a buyer she actually purchases the goods in her department that are called retail.

12—Finally, like the buyer, Mrs. McVeigh, the cash girl may become, if she is industrious and intelligent, the head of her department.

A ROOM AT HANLEY'S.

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

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A LANK GIRL, with pale hair in a thin plait down her back, leaned out of the dining-room window at Hanley's and looked abroad. Hanley's had been a fine old plantation home in the days when Pineville and the railroad were still undreamed of; but now it was a boarding-house.

"Ma! Oh, ma!" screamed the girl, putting her head inside for that purpose. "Yon's a lady got off the train!"

The thin plait bobbed out again for a moment of anxious observation.

"Ma! She's comin' here!" was the second shrill message, sent to some distant quarter of the house; whence emerged presently a woman, wiping her hands and arms on her apron.

"Well, I declare!" was her cry at the door when she looked into the face of her guest. "If it ain't Mis' Gladney! Well, bless my soul! I'm that glad to see ye—come right in! An' where's"——

"I have only a few hours to stay, Mrs. Hanley," said the lady hastily, looking away. "Is—is my old room vacant? I thought I would like to have it again—for the short time I am here."

"Oh, there ain't been anybody in it in I dunno when," said Mrs. Hanley. "It's one o' the big rooms, ye see, an' travel's mighty dull. Let me take your satchel an' things—an' come right on up. Ye ain't lookin' so well—been sick? An' how's he?"

Mrs. Hanley bustled joyfully up the stairs without waiting for an answer, telling many things as she went. She had more to tell, but a look on the face of her guest gave her the idea that it would be better to make coffee for her.

Mrs. Gladney slowly removed her hat and threw it on the bed in the curtained alcove, and after a long time she placed her gloves beside it. She had been gazing silently around the great room, but now, all at once, she dropped to her knees and buried her face against the pillow, and was shaken with sobs.

In a little while she had controlled herself and stood up, wiping her eyes. There were a few moments when she walked about, looking at familiar things. She used to stand at this window once and watch for somebody when it was time for him to come home. On this window-sill she had kept her little array of flowers—violets and geraniums and primroses—simple little flowers that she had brought, a bride, from her old home. Here was the full-length mirror where she used to stand and smile so triumphantly at her own image—it was so pretty and she was so happy. She stood and looked at it now, but she did not smile. Her lips trembled instead. Her cheeks had thinned from their old dimpled curve. She saw here and there a gleam of untimely silver around the fluffy masses of her hair. In a little while she would be old and worn—and alone, always alone.

She took a tiny writing desk from her satchel and sat down at the old table to write. She had come for that—perhaps she could say it here, in this old room—and she began with a hand that meant to be firm at first, but was soon shaken with pitiful trembling.

"You will be surprised," she wrote, "that I have come back to Hanley's—but it is our wedding day, Will—have you forgotten it? And we were so happy here. I have not seen you for three years—and most of the time I have been proud and bitter—but I am so sad and so alone—and I can't hold out any longer. I think it must have been all my fault. Won't you make up, Will? I am here—in our old room"——

She had written slowly, as though every word went to her heart with a separate pang. The noise of the southbound train coming in did not reach her consciousness. She had not heard the confusion of another arrival below, but the loud voice of Mrs. Hanley calling up the stairs arrested her hand.

"Yes, sir; you just go on up to your old room. I'm that glad it was empty! As I tell you, the lady"——

"That's all right, Mrs. Hanley," called back another voice, almost at the door. "All I want is my old room. I'm glad it happened to be vacant."

She was up and away, like a frightened animal, into a corner of the alcove. The desk was on the floor at her feet. She was holding her heart convulsively with both strained hands.

Two people came in and closed the door behind them. One of them gave a depreciative sniff.

"Stuffy den!" he growled. "Let me open the windows. Thank heaven there's a little breeze rising."

"If you'll allow me to remark, Will," he said with some warmth, "I'm being pretty sorely tried. Here all at once you've grown as cranky and unmanageable as—as a Texas bronco. We were just ready to start to the mountains—trip we've been talking about for two years—and here you must fly off to this little old dead place—and this house, and this room. Now, what in the nation is there about this house and this room?"

"I was happy here, once," the other said, his voice shaking a little under its studied composure. "I—I brought my wife here when we were first married. I—this is our wedding day, you see"——

"Oh!" The explanation carried with it apology and sympathy. There was a long silence, broken at last by the friend:

"My, but this breeze feels good! Hope it'll keep up. You never told me the cause of the trouble."

"I don't think there was much cause—principally little things," said Will wearily. "It was my fault, I'm pretty sure now, though I couldn't see it then. She used to have her flowers in this window. I've seen her bending over them—when I've been coming home"——

"Why don't you go to her and try to fix it up?" asked the friend bluntly after another long silence.

"It has gone too far—she wouldn't listen," was the dejected answer. "And I wouldn't have the nerve to try it—after the way I've—just let me fight this out, Jack. I'll be over it by to-morrow, perhaps—and then we'll go to the mountains."

She stood there, trembling, blind with the tears that ran down her cheeks. Her lips moved, but there was no speech.

A little eddy blew back the curtains of the alcove and flirted something white into the other room. In another moment it would have been out of the window and gone, but it caught against his sleeve, and he saw and captured it.

His first glance of wearied indifference widened to one of startled recognition. He read, and his hand trembled, and his face flushed and paled:

"I am here—in our old room"——

He arose and was walking toward the alcove with a strange unsteadiness come suddenly upon him, but he paused in the middle of the room.

"Jack," he said, with his back to his friend, "would you mind—going down to the parlor—for a little while?"

Jack started up, and was about to make some further remark about crankiness when he saw through the waving curtains the hat and gloves on the bed. He had an inspiration, and fled.

The man he had left went on, and lifted the curtains.

SERVANTS IN THE YEAR 2000 A. D.

THERE WON'T BE ANY.

They (i. e., the married couple of the future) will probably not keep a servant, for two very excellent reasons—because, in the first place, they will not want one, and in the second, they will not get one if they do. A servant is necessary in the small modern house, partly to supplement the deficiencies of the wife, but mainly to supplement the deficiencies of the house.

She comes to cook and perform various skilled duties that the wife lacks either knowledge of, training, or both, to perform.

But the great proportion of the servant's duties consist merely in drudgery that the stupidities of our present-day method of house construction entail, and which the more sanely constructed house of the future will avoid.

It is the lack of proper warming appliances which necessitates a vast amount of coal-carrying and dirt-distribution, and it is dirt mainly that has so painfully to be removed again.

The house of the future will probably be warmed in its walls from some power-generating station.

Air will enter through proper tubes in the walls, which will warm it and capture its dust, and it will be spun out again by a simple mechanism. And by simple devices such sweeping as still remains necessary can be enormously lightened.

The fact that in existing homes the skirting meets the floor at right angles makes a sweeping about twice as troublesome as it will be when people have the sense and ability to round off the angle between wall and floor.

Take now the bedroom work. The lack of ingenuity in sanitary fittings at present forbids the obvious convenience of hot and cold water supply to the bedroom, and there is a mighty fetching and carrying to be got through daily.

All that will cease, every bedroom will have its own dressing-room, which any well-bred person will be intelligent and considerate enough to use and leave without the slightest disarrangement. This, so far as "upstairs" goes, really only leaves bedmaking to be done.

If a window is cleaned and left wet, it dries in drops, and these drops contain dirt in solution, which remain as spots.

But water containing a suitable solvent could quite simply be made to run down a window for a few minutes from pin holes in a pipe above into a groove below, and this could be followed by pure rain water for an equal time, and in this way the whole window cleaning in the house could, I imagine, be reduced to the turning on of a tap.

There remains the cooking. To-day, cooking, with its incidentals, is a very serious business; the coaling, the ashes, the horrible moments of heat, the hot, black things to handle, the silly, vague recipes, the want of neat apparatus.

But with a neat little range, heated by electricity and provided with thermometers, with absolutely controllable temperatures and proper heat screens, cooking might very easily be made a pleasant amusement for intelligent invalid ladies.

DEVICES OF PLANTS FOR PROTECTION.

WONDERS OF PLANT WORLD.

Plants are full of very curious devices by means of which they accomplish that which would at first seem impossible. They ingeniously scatter their seeds by explosion, by means of wings that sail the wind and by the birds and animals. Even man himself is pressed into service as an unconscious but effective seed distributer. The young plant is given a good start in life and no fairy tale is stranger or more interesting than the life history of flowers.

Some plants are day blooming and others blossom in the night, because their insect visitors, upon whom their very life depends, are diurnal or nocturnal, as the case may be. Some plants are luminous, that the insects may the more readily perceive and reach them in the dark. The sundew of England and the Venus fly trap of tropical or subtropical North America both feed upon insects. Some plants live but one year. Others continue to grow for several years. Others, again, seem endowed with eternal life.

The nettle protects itself from the too careless hand by means of poison stings armed with formic acid, or the same poison which produces the evil effect arising from the bites of ants and spiders. Poison ivy is another botanical form into which poison enters. In poison sumach, or poison elder, a dangerous toxic secretion also lurks. The stings of some species flourishing in the tropics are very acute. Pasture and other thistles are armed with thorns, as are also the Irish gorse, the hawthorn and the orange tree.

The object of vivid coloring and striking form in a flower is not merely for man's delight, but rather to help the production of seed. By such means the stupid insects are attracted to the nectar-yielding blossoms, and, while they rob them of their treasure, they are, according to the more recent findings of botanists, made the unconscious instruments to fertilize other flowers which they visit.

The fungi, ferments, molds and microbes cause blight on fruit, disease and death among animals and men. Upon them falls the task of bringing back "dust to dust." They are in some cases invisible and also parasitic.

The sensitive plant closes together when roughly handled. Some plants have odors or perfumes in the flowers or leaves to attract or repel. The geranium, white water lily, ill-scented wake robin, hawthorn, pickerel weed, wild mint, pitcher plant, white swamp honeysuckle and the rose are examples of these varying types.

BIG GAME IN MEXICO

A civil engineer recently returned from the hacienda of Jimulco in Coahuila, an immense property containing over 2,000 square kilometres, tells some stirring tales of shooting wild game, says the Mexican Herald. Antelope abound, but great care is necessary in approaching these wily creatures, owing to their habit of always placing one or two on guard while the rest of the herd is feeding. The sentinels, faithful to their duty, remain with head erect, peering and sniffing to the four points of the compass, and give a swift alarm the moment an enemy appears in sight.

HOBSON AND THE BARBER.

When Capt. Hobson was at the Chautauqua Assembly he entered a barber shop where he was not known, says the Ottawa Herald. He got into a chair and the barber commenced to discourse.

"Of course it was a nervy thing to do, and Hobson did it well enough, but that little trick at Santiago Bay turned out to be boy's play. And then that kissing business—say, if that wouldn't make a man sick. Any time I pay good money to see a man it'll have to be somebody 'at ain't made such a ring-streaked and striped fool of"——

Just then a man came in and asked: "Is Hobson here?"

"Not so you can notice it," said the barber.

"Over at the Marsh house they told me he had come over here to get shaved," persisted the man. Then a great light broke into the mind of the barber. His knees felt wabbly, and he looked a trifle pale, but screwing up his courage he grasped the hair of the man in the chair and turning his head looked into his perfectly demure countenance.

"Are you Hobson?" he asked.

"Yes," came the reply in that deep, full voice that belongs to the hero of the Merrimac, "I'm Hobson."

The shave was finished in a silence so intense that the waving of the midday heat made a strange whistling roar outside.

PRONUNCIATION PUZZLE.

The perpetual puzzle of English orthography is well set out in these verses, says the London Express:

There is a farmer who is YY
Enough to take his EE,
And study nature with his II,
And think of what he CC.
He hears the chatter of JJ
As they each other TT,
And sees that when a tree DKK
It makes a home for BB.

A showman to the jungle went
And caught a fierce young gnu,
Said he, "I'll teach him to perform,
And sell him to the zoo."
This man was very much surprised,
And quite delighted, too,
For, lo, each quick and novel trick
the new gnu knew.
—London Express.

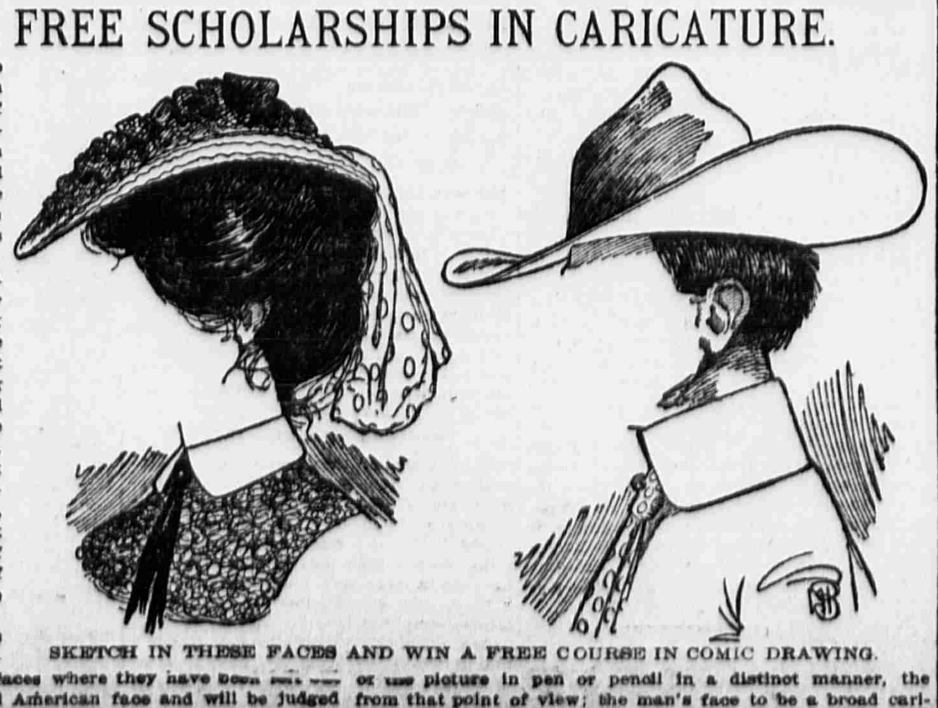
A LIVE TOWN.

"This is a pretty live town, isn't it?" remarked the Eastern tourist.

"You bet it is," replied the native. "We've got the biggest cemetery in Arizony, an' it's still a-growin'."—Philadelphia Record.

THREE FREE SCHOLARSHIPS IN CARICATURE.

Three free and complete courses of instruction in the National School of Caricature, whose classrooms and studios are in the Pulitzer Building, will be given to the three boys or girls who sketch in or draw the best faces for the incomplete picture shown above. A pretty face should be drawn for the young woman and a funny face for the young man. Cut the completed drawing from The Evening World and mail it to "Caricature Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1,354 New York City." Messrs Dan McCarthy and Moses Burger, Director and Assistant Director respectively, of the National School of Caricature, will select the winning pictures.



SKETCH IN THESE FACES AND WIN A FREE COURSE IN COMIC DRAWING.

Mr. McCarthy makes this suggestion to competitors: "Sketch in the faces where they have been [illegible] or use picture in pen or pencil in a distinct manner, the girl's face to be a typical American face and will be judged from that point of view; the man's face to be a broad caricature of the summer man."

Anybody under thirty years of age may compete.